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CARDS

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CHARLES ILFIELD, Secretary.

[From the Tucson, Arizona, Citizen.]

GOVERNOR SAFFORD VISITS CACHISE.—HIS OWN ACCOUNT OF IT.—GENERAL REVIEW OF THE SITUATION, PAST AND PRESENT.

TUCSON, Nov. 30, 1872.

Having recently visited Cachise the Apache chief, who has for the past twelve years been the leader of the most desperate and destructive band of Apaches in Arizona, and who during that time has seldom been seen except as he sprang from an ambush, everywhere at the same time, and whose deeds of blood have drenched the soil of Arizona, New Mexico, Sonora and Chihuahua, and whose very name caused a thrill of horror, I have thought it might be of some interest to those who have noted or observed these horrid scenes, to be informed of what I saw and heard.

In order to properly understand the true condition of Cachise and his band I will say that he is the Chief of a band of Apaches who in olden times inhabited the country from the Gila on the north to some distance into Sonora on the south, and from the San Pedro on the west to the Mimbres in New Mexico on the east. They have as far back as the memory of man runs, been at war with the people of Mexico, and their living has been principally obtained by robbery. When Arizona was first possessed by the United States, for reasons best known to himself, Cachise sought and evidently desired peace with our people and Government, and this relation existed until 1860. During the time, however, he constantly raided upon the neighboring State in Mexico, and brought back herds of horses and cattle. Occasionally stock was taken in Arizona by his Indians at points distant from his country, but it is understood that when complaints were made in such cases, he made an effort to restore the property. During the year 1860, a boy was made captive while herding stock on the Sonora and some believed that Cachise had taken him, hence Lieutenant Bascom with a company of soldiers marched to Apache Pass near his headquarters and camped at the overland mail station. The lieutenant told the station keepers that he was on his way to New Mexico, and that he desired to see Cachise, and induced them to go and invite him in. When asked by Cachise what was wanted of him, he was informed that he desired to extend the hospitalities of his tent, as he was on his way out of the country. Cachise with four of his friends and relatives came in, and when seated in Bascom's tent, it was suddenly surrounded by soldiers. He desired to know the cause, and was informed that he and his friends were prisoners, and would be kept as such until the boy believed to be with his band was given up. Cachise protested against such treachery and declared that he could not give him up as he knew nothing of him. Watching his opportunity, he drew his knife and cut a hole

through the tent and escaped. He immediately called his warriors together and came in force near of the station and desired to have a talk. One of the station keepers went to him to hear what he had to say, but as soon as he had reached Cachise's lines, he was seized and made a prisoner. A day or two was open afterwards in endeavors to effect an exchange of prisoners. Cachise offering to give up his prisoner if the lieutenant would release his (Cachise's) friends. The lieutenant declined to exchange only man for man unless Cachise would surrender the boy, but Cachise steadily affirmed that he knew nothing about him. Finally he came for a last talk, leading his station keeper prisoners, with a rope around his saddle. He again offered to surrender him if his four friends were set free. The station keeper begged to have the exchange made and his life would be forfeited if it was not done; but the lieutenant again refused, and Cachise "rowled" his horse and dashed off at lightning speed, dragging his poor victim at full length by the neck. The lieutenant then hung the four prisoners, and Cachise took the road.

The people not being apprised that hostilities had broken out, felt easy victims, and the horrible murders and tortures that followed for the next few days are sickening to relate, and from that time to the first of last September, scarcely a week passed without the commission of bloody deeds by his band.

His attacks were made from ambush and invariably successful. Sometimes he appeared to be supported by a large force and again had but a few followers. He was often reported to be at different points at the same time, frequently reported dead and generally believed to be crippled for life. His force was often reported to have dwindled to mere nothing, while he would, when occasion required, make a stand with a force sufficient to successfully resist all attempts to take him. No matter what impressions were entertained regarding him and his force, one thing was certain, that he had for twelve years successfully resisted all the power of the friendly tribes and the Government of the United States and Mexico did bring to bear against him; and also that since the first of last April, he had been as successful in taking life and property as at any other period since he commenced hostilities. Having been in the midst of his field of bloody work for nearly four years, and having at times endeavored to find him after the commission of his dire crimes, but generally being compelled to travel in such condition that he was the last man I desired to meet, it will not be a subject of wonder that I had a curiosity to meet him, and see who and what he is. Accordingly, I communicated my desire to the Agent, Captain Thomas J. Jeffers, and was informed by him that he would be happy to accompany me to his camp.

I left Tucson in company with Dr. R. A. Wilbur, Agent of the Papagos, on the 23d instant for Sulphur Springs, where I was to meet Captain Jeffers; and upon arrival, I found the captain had gone to another part of the reservation to supply a band of Apaches who had recently come in and asked for peace, and I was there delayed one day waiting for his return. He told me he had been absent from the camp of Cachise two days longer than he agreed, and as he had usually been very prompt in all his agreements, he supposed Cachise would think the delay very singular. Cachise is camped about twenty miles from Sulphur Springs in the Dragoon mountains, and to this point we directed our movements. When a short time on the way, we saw a large dust rising in the distance, and soon discovered horsemen coming rapidly. It was apparent they were Indians, and Captain Jeffers remarked that they were Cachise's, and as they approached with spears glistering in full war paint on foaming steeds, he said: "I wonder what is the matter. They look excited. I fear something has happened." But on they came at full speed to and around us. Then the leader of the band dismounted and throwing his long, bony arms around Captain Jeffers, embraced him with the apparent fondness a mother would her child. His example was followed by each one of the party. Captain Jeffers then called me and said: "This is the old man." I asked what old man? and he replied, Cachise. When informed who I was, Cachise cordially greeted me, and we all sat down in a circle to have a talk. He then told Captain Jeffers that his absence beyond his agreement had given him much concern; that he feared the wild Indians he was bringing on the reservation had killed him, that he started with his warriors to learn his fate, and if they had done him violence, he intended to kill every one as a penalty.

I now examined his personal appearance, and as so many conflicting stories have been told of him, I will describe him as he appeared to me. His height is about six feet; shoulders slightly rounded by age; features quite regular, head large and well proportioned; countenance rather sad; hair long and black, with some gray ones intermixed; face smooth, the beard having been pulled out with pinners, as is the custom of Indians. He wore a shirt with pieces of cotton cloth about his loins and head, and moccasins covered his feet, which constituted his costume. He is thought to be about sixty years of age.

I spread some provision, which I had with me, before them. All ate with a relish except Cachise. He did not taste my food, but remarked that I need not think strange of it, because he was afflicted with a pain in his stomach, and nearly everything he ate gave him pain. He then asked if I desired to go to his camp, and upon my affirmative reply he said that some of his men had drunk too much "tizwin" the night before, and he feared if I went that night, I would go away and give a bad impression of what I saw, and hence he preferred I should camp near by and defer my visit till the next day. I told him if I went to his camp and partook of his hospitality, that I did not think it would be proper to afterwards report any irregularities I might observe. Without saying anything further, we started and upon arriving at the water about one mile from his camp I stopped. He inquired if I had any more food with me. I said no. He then said I had better move on to his camp and eat with him.

I found him camped among the rocks at the foot of the mountains—a place evidently selected with care to prevent surprises, and from which, with five minutes' notice, he could move his band beyond the successful pursuit of cavalry. His lodge consisted of a few sticks set up in a circle, and skins placed around the base to break off the wind. Here he has about four hundred Indians of all ages. He has three wives. The last or youngest lives with him in his lodge and makes his clothes and does his cooking. Each of the others has a separate lodge and their respective children live with them. Upon our arrival Cachise directed his wife to prepare supper and we were soon informed that it was ready. It consisted of thin baked cakes, boiled beef, coffee and sugar. We were not troubled with dishes except tin cups for coffee. A long march and keen appetite made the food very palatable, and certainly our host had no cause to complain that we failed to do it ample justice.

Captain Jeffers told me I need not give myself concern about articles I had with me, as nothing would be stolen. All were curious to see and handle everything I had, but to their credit I must say, I did not lose a pin's worth.

In the morning breakfast was prepared the same as supper, with the addition of cake made of mesquite and covered with flour made of mesquite beans. It was sweet and nutritious, and would pass for a delicacy anywhere. After breakfast a cloth was spread upon the ground and the head men were gathered around in a circle. Cachise then said he would like to have a talk.

He said he was glad to see me, and the fact that I had come among them unprotected, was an evidence that I had confidence in his professions of peace. He then said that prior to the ill treatment he received from Lieutenant Bascom, he had been a good friend of the Americans, and since that time he believed he had been their worst enemy. That the time was within his memory when the plains were covered with herds and the mountains were filled with Apaches, but the herds were all gone and the number of the Apaches greatly reduced; that when he opened hostilities against the Americans he and his tribe made a promise to fight until the last one was exterminated to hold the country, but now he was determined to live at peace with every one on this side of the Mexican line. I told him that the conduct of Lieutenant Bascom was disliked by our people, and if he had not gone to war, Bascom would have been punished and many lives saved. He said he was now satisfied that it was wrong to go to war on that account, that both sides were blameable and had suffered for it. I told him that the President was anxious that our people and the Apaches should live in peace together and had told me so more than three years ago. He replied that he was satisfied the President is a good man and had told him the President, and that he liked General Howard, because he had the heart to come and see him, but for a long time previous the only friends he had were the rocks, that behind them he had concealed himself and they had often protected him from death by warding off the bullets of his enemies.

After talking with him for nearly half a day, I told him I must go. He said there had been one thing occurred since he made peace that he did not like, and he wanted to be frank and tell me of it. He then asked me if I knew what had become of a certain native Mexican boy that belonged to him. (In explanation I will say here that but a few days previous a Mexican boy, about sixteen years of age, who had been a captive with Cachise for ten years, escaped and fled to a settlement on the San Pedro, and the people sent him to me for protection, and the day before I started on this visit, I turned him over to an uncle who recognized him.) I told Cachise that the boy had been given to his uncle and had gone back to his old home. He said he captured the boy over the line many years ago; that he saved his life; had raised him to an age that he was now of some service, that he had escaped to San Pedro, and that the people there had secreted him, and he did not think it was a friendly act on their part, that if I or Captain Jeffers had asked him to give him up, he would have done so; nor did he care much about his value, but as a matter of principle, he thought the people of San Pedro should pay him for the boy, and desired to know if I could compel them to do so. I told him that if the law of our country the boy was entitled to his freedom; that neither the President nor any one was allowed by our laws to hold slaves and if he knew of any Indian that was then held by our people against his will, I would see that he was set free. He replied that he knew that if the boy were an American, he had no right to hold him; but he had captured him in another country from another people and he thought that the Mexicans only had a right to interfere. I told him that we had a treaty by which we had agreed to interfere, and then inquired of him if he knew we had a war some time ago among ourselves and why we fought with each other? He said he knew of the war but did not know the cause. I then explained to him that part of our people owned slaves and that a part did not. That upon this question they became angry with each other and many men were killed. That those opposed to holding slaves had conquered; that afterwards laws were made prohibiting any one from holding as a slave a negro, Indian, Mexican or any one else. He said he supposed it was all right and he would say no more about it.

I am informed by Captain Jeffers, that when those who yield allegiance to Cachise are all gathered together, they will number from 1,500 to 2,000 of all ages. In the terms of peace recently made, they have been permitted to retain their property and arms. Those I saw are well mounted and generally have improved breech-loading guns. They are under no control except such voluntary obedience as they choose to give to the agent, and he informs me that so far all have complied with every request; but they distinctly declared at the outset that they would not place themselves within the power of the military authorities. Their

fighting condition is undoubtedly better now than at any period since they commenced the war. Probably they number less, but they have been injured to such constant hardship, that they are capable of any degree of endurance. With improved arms and their knowledge of the use of them, my judgment is that they are more formidable than ever before. That he could resist such superior forces as were brought against him for so long a time, and protect his women and children, is truly wonderful, and shows conclusively that he is a superior man. It is true their superior knowledge of the country has been of a great advantage, and by smokes they have a system of telegraphing by which they were able to communicate with their people over a large scope of country. If necessary required, they could subsist on the natural products of the country, and many of the mountains inhabited by them are almost impassable for man or beast.

The question is often asked—Will Cachise remain at peace? This can only be answered by him who rules over a l. The published reports of interviews between him and agents of the Government during the past and present years in New Mexico of his professions of peace and the efforts made to please him, and his subsequent bloody career in Arizona since last April, naturally lead to a distrust of his sincerity now; but it is said these reports in many respects were untrue, and if so, Cachise may not have acted as treacherously as they would make him appear to have done. My impression is that he is now in good earnest, and that he desires peace, but he and his followers are wild men, and with the best efforts on our part some real or imaginary cause may at any moment set them again on the war path. That a permanent peace may be secured, should be and is the wish of every friend of humanity. If he should remain at peace, then, with the energetic war policy General Crook is now dealing out to hostile ones, our Apache troubles will soon be ended; for this band has been the cover for Indians from the Grant, White Mountain and other reservations to go on raids and return again when their nefarious work was done.

To me, the most singular circumstance about these Indians, are the confidence they have in Captain Jeffers and the influence he has over them; and learning that he is respected as an honorable man by all who know him and that for the past three years he held interviews with Cachise, and was the only white man who for twelve years had been in his camp and returned alive, it may be in place to recite the facts connected with their acquaintance and subsequent friendship. He is thirty-six years of age; tall and well proportioned; was born on the state of New York; came to Denver, Colorado, in 1859 and practiced law for a short time, has since spent much of his time in the mountains prospecting for gold and silver, has been among nearly all the Indian tribes of North America, has made their habits and peculiarities a study, and is by nature well qualified to deal with them. Several years ago he was Superintendent of the Overland Mail Company, and during a short period of time he was in charge, Cachise and his band killed twenty one of his employees. He finally went to prospecting again and made up his mind that if the Government could not subdue so bad an enemy, he would try and make him his friend, and by the help of other Indians, he visited Cachise in his own camp. This act inspired Cachise with profound respect for his courage and sincerity. Through Captain Jeffers, Cachise was brought to the Canada Alamosa reservation in 1871, and by him General Howard was led to his camp. General Howard appointed him Special Indian Agent, and I do not believe any other man living could now manage them, wild as they are; and I have strong hopes if the Government will continue him in charge, peace may be maintained.

In the connection, I desire to say that one of the most fatal mistakes, in my judgment, made by Government in dealing with the Indians, is the selection of agents because they belong to any particular religious denomination. No doubt the purpose of the choice is good, but practically it proves not good. To govern and manage wild Indians successfully requires peculiar qualifications. An agent should not only be honest, truthful and just to both Indians and citizens, but he should also be patient, cool and possessed of plenty of nerve. Nothing so soon destroys the confidence of Indians as to know their agent fears them; besides it requires years of acquaintance and experience to understand the Indian character. Without this knowledge in advance, few agents attain it in time to be successful. Nowhere can such efficient agents be found as in the country where the Indians live. The fact that General Howard has already selected two in this country to fill the most difficult places among the Apaches is evidence that he is of the same opinion.

A. P. K. SAFFORD.

A comfortable seat.—the lap of luxury.

"So there's another rapure at Mount Paterfous," said Mrs. Partington, as she put down the paper and put up her specs; "the paper tells us about the burning lather running down the mountain, but it don't tell how it got fire."

A clergyman asked some children, "Why do we say in the Lord's prayer, 'Who art in heaven,' since God is everywhere?" He saw a little drummer who looked as though he could give an answer. "Well little soldier, what say you?" Because it is headquarters."

"Oh, it was the terriblest fire you ever see. Everything was burnt up and they was left destitute of nothing."

An intoxicated man saw two cars passing him the other evening with red and blue lights in the front and rear. His fuddled brain comprehended colored lights, and he was heard to say to himself: "Must be pretty sick—sickly here, they are running drug stores round on wheels."

CLIPPINGS.

How should the limbs of the law be clothed? In breaches of promise.

A country magistrate has fined some lambs for gambling in a public thoroughfare.

Why is a room full of married people empty? Because there is not a single person in it.

There are horses running now that never were known to run before, thanks to the epizootic.

Joe Coburn has secured a position in a Brooklyn drug store, with a view of pounding mace, probably.

That man who died so suddenly at Woodbury died of head disease, not head cheese, as we stated last week.

What's in a name? At the prize exhibition of Prof. Blitz, on Friday evening, Benjamin F. Butler, of his town, drew a set of silver spoons.

THE SEAT OF WAR.—A correspondent asks if the seat of war is cushioned, if it is not, it ought to be; for it is not a very soft seat at any time.

A Danbury horse doctor has passed from the thorny paths of poverty to the blue and gold and black walnut of opulence. His shirts open behind.

An advertisement, (western, of course) says that board for summer can be obtained, at a large and shady brick gentleman's residence in this country.

A Yankee, describing an opponent, says, "I tell you what, sir, that man don't amount to a sum in arithmetic—add him up and there is nothing to carry."

Ladies think that there ought to be a law against men smoking cigars on the public promenade. There is a law—the law of politeness—but it is seldom followed.

Earrings are now fastened to the ear by a screw, and an addition to domestic noises. Sunday morning is in the shape of "Mercy me! where is that screw driver?"

The ladies complain that the present styles of hats are exceedingly homely; but they buy them, nevertheless. They would buy a hedgehog if it had bugles on it.

There was an eclipse of the moon on Thursday night, which a Balmforth avenue man didn't see because a "durned fool of a neighbor's barn was right in the way."

A Brooklyn lady was very much pleased with our cemetery, but she told one of our legal gentlemen that it must be very unhealthy there because of the abundant shade.

"When not under the influence of liquor," observed a neighbor of Mr. O'Clarence, "he is one of the kindest of men. He never laughs at another's expense, or 'smiles' at his own."

"Brother B.—I want you to tell me your native place. Are you an American or Irishman?"

"Brother B. replied: "If your cat had kittens in a dutch oven, would you call them kittens of biscuit?"

"Sir," said the astonished landlady to a traveler who had sent his cup forward for the seventh time, "you must be very fond of coffee." "Yes, madam, I am," he replied, "or I should never have drank so much water to get a little."

Among different nations there are different kinds of loafers. The Italian loafer spends his time in sleeping, the Turkish loafer in dreaming, the Spanish in praying, the French in laughing, the English in swearing, the Russian in gambling, the Hungarian in smoking, the German in drinking, and the American in talking politics.